

*The history*

*Ther:* Roguery. *Dio:* Naythen:  
*Cres:* He tell you what.  
*Dio:* Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.  
*Cres:* In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?  
*Ther:* A iugling tricke to be secretly open,  
*Dio:* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?  
*Cres:* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,  
 Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.  
*Dio:* Good night.  
*Troy:* Hold patience:  
*Vlis:* How now Trojan. *Cres:* Diomed.  
*Dio:* No, no, good night He be your foole no more.  
*Troy:* Thy better must.  
*Cres:* Harke a word in your eare.  
*Troy:* O plague and madnesse!  
*Vlis:* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray  
 Least your displeasure shuld inlarge it selfe  
 To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous  
 The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.  
*Troy:* Behold I pray you.  
*Vlis:* Now good my Lord go off.  
 You flow to great distruction, come my Lord.  
*Troy:* I prethee stay.  
*Vlis:* You haue not patience, come.  
*Troy:* I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torments,  
 I will not speake a word.  
*Dio:* And so good night.  
*Cres:* Nay but you part in anger.  
*Troy:* Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.  
*Vlis:* How now my Lord?  
*Troy:* By Ioue I will be patient.  
*Cres:* Gardian? why Greeke? *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.  
*Cres:* In faith I doe not, come hether once again.  
*Vlis:* You shake my Lord at something, wil you goe: you  
 wil break out.  
*Troy:* She stroakes his cheek. *Vlis:* Come, come.  
*Troy:* Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word;  
 There is betweene my will and all offences

a guard

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

A guard of patience, stay a little while.  
*Ther:* How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and po-  
 tato finger, tickles together; frye lechery frye.  
*Dio:* Will you then?  
*Cres:* In faith I will lo, neuer trust me else.  
*Dio:* Giue me some token for the surety of it.  
*Cres:* He fetch you one. *Exit.*  
*Vlis:* You haue sworne patience:  
*Troy:* Feare me not my Lord.  
 I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition  
 Of what I feele, I am all patience: *Enter Cres.*  
*Ther:* Now the pledge, now, now, now.  
*Cres:* Heere *Diomed* keepe this flecue.  
*Troy:* O beauty where is thy faith!  
*Vlis:* My Lord.  
*Troy:* You looke vpon that flecue behold it well,  
 Hee loued me (oh false wench) giu't me againe:  
*Dio:* Whof: wast?  
*Cres:* It is no matter now I ha't againe.  
 I will not meete with you to morrow night:  
 I prethee *Diomed* visite me no more.  
*Ther:* Now shee sharpens, well said *Whetstone*.  
*Dio:* I shall haue it.  
*Cres:* What this? *Dio:* I that.  
*Cres:* O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!  
 Thy maister now lyes thinking on his bed  
 Of thee and mee, and sighes, and takes my gloue,  
 And giues memoriall dainty kisses to it, as I kisse thee.  
*Dio:* Nay do not snatch it from me.  
*Cres:* He that takes that doth take my heart withall.  
*Dio:* I had your heart before, this followes it.  
*Troy:* I did sweare patience.  
 You shall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you shall not,  
 He giue you something else.  
*Dio:* I will haue this, whose was it?  
*Cres:* It is no matter.  
*Dio:* Come tell me whose it was?  
*Cres:* I was on's that lou'd me better then you will,

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